The Fairfield News and Herald.

VOL. XLIV. WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1887. NO. 8.

THE RUSSIAN DOCTOR.

Entertaining and Romantic Story from Real Life.

[ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF MME. ELISE POEKE.]

BY MRS. FRANCES A. SHAW.

Translation Copyrighted, 1887, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.

CHAPTER III.

DESIREE introduced now and then some pleasant little innovation into the immaculate primness of the vine-wreathed house. With Ivan, always her faithful ally, she foraged the gardens of the town for plants in full leaf and blossom, and with them adorned the doctor's study. "The place where one works ought to be bright and cheerful," she said. "Now that winter is near, we must have a memory of the summer and a prophecy of the spring."

Arnim awaited with impatience the hour for lessons when she would come bounding into his study. What stolen glances he would cast at her over his manuscript! How full of grace and charm was her every movement, how in every word and action she reminded him of Hortense! Some times it seemed to him as if he were again a youth who must look up his school-books and rush out into the forest.

When Desiree had vanished, he would laugh at his infatuation, and gazing into the mirror say, derisively:

"Foolish graybeard, throw these flowers out of the window and close your door! Marianne is right, this young girl disquets you."

And yet he would rather throw wide open the door to admit among his old folios this gleam of youthful brightness, this refreshing breath of spring.

Marianne frowned upon this in-door flower planting which soiled the window-ledges and made extra work. But Desiree took all the work upon herself and Ivan stood by to wipe away every water-stain, she only shrugged her shoulders. As for Ivan, every thing Desiree did enchanted him; he followed her about like a faithful hound.

The relations between the two women were tolerable, though without warmth on either side. Thanks to the cloister sisters, Desiree was very skillful with her needle. She was also industrious and showed great taste in all matters of dress. Marianne utilized this taste and skill in many ways. She was learning to speak French so elegantly that she concluded not to send Desiree away before spring.

Arnim proved a model teacher. He found delight in this daily concern with intellectual things, with truth, science and beauty. His pupil's ardor and ready comprehension animated him, and she in turn looked up to him with gratitude and admiration. She hungered and thirsted for knowledge, and the lesson hour became to both the happiest of the day.

"When spring comes we will pursue our studies in the open air," said the doctor. "I shall not let you go until you are thoroughly grounded in all you need to learn."

Desiree was silent, but her beaming eyes expressed her delight in the prospect of a longer stay.

"May I not call you uncle?" she asked one day with many blushes. "My mother was dear to you and you are the best friend I have in the world."

"I shall always remain your true friend my child," said the doctor, pressing her hand. "Hortense's daughter must not address me as a stranger. Certainly you may call me 'uncle'"

"But I need not call Marianne aunt?" she said, anxiously, "I fear I can not."

"O, Marianne would be the last one to wish it," he answered, laughing.

Marianne was surprised at the new mode of address, yet she thought it quite proper. "Desiree is a child," she said, "and must be treated as such. I am willing to have her remain here through the winter. She cheers you up, cousin, and is a sort of plaything for you. You men need to be amused."

He had become remarkably cheerful, this grave Russian doctor—he was in fact almost jovial. He passed much less time in his study, he took long walks with Desiree while Marianne indulged in her favorite social dissipation—an afternoon coffee. In spite of the wintry weather, they walked mostly in the forest. Marianne, when invited by her cousin to accompany him anywhere, drove him to desperation by her slow and elaborate preparations, but Desiree, quickly equipped as a soldier on the march, would be ready in a moment.

Evenings the doctor often read aloud. [illegible] in Desiree the most interested listeners. While Marianne was always interrupting with irrelevant questions and remarks, Desiree would now and then let her work fall and gaze silent and intent into his face. To Arnim the glance of those eyes was more eloquent than words. Still, when he closed the book, it was a delight to listen to the young girl's lively remarks and comments, to answer her questions. The more charming the conversation, the more sure it was to be speedily ended by Marianne's peevish, authoritative announcement that it was time for bed.

While a serious reading of the classics formed a part of the course of study, there was also time for much fugitive poetry and romance. It seemed to the doctor as if, in taking into his hands the guidance and development of this youthful mind, he had found his life-work.

The winter passed like a dream. Gradually Desiree mastered those little household tasks which concerned Arnim's personal comfort, and which Marianne, in her many cares, either forgot or performed irregularly. She prepared his morning and evening coffee, arranged his study table, hunted up the gloves which Ivan mislaid, thinking them entirely useless. Marianne had never taken into account her cousin's little peculiarities and bachelor ways. Desiree found them out and humored them.

Marianne's care for him was like every thing else she did, in accordance with a fixed system, changeless as the laws of the Medes and Persians. She wanted him to regard her as a model housekeeper—to set her very high and at last find her indispensable. Her reward would come upon that day when he asked her to be his housekeeper for life. His hour must strike sooner or later. His heart would demand its right. That school-boy love of which he had told her when Desiree came to live with them—this paternal liking for the child of Hortense—were trifles which gave her no uneasiness.

For the first time since leaving the paternal roof, Arnim had kept the Christmas feast. Desiree, who had for long weeks been full of secrets, prepared the Christmas tree, laden with inexpensive gifts, most of them the work of her skillful fingers.

When the doctor, with a warm pressure of the hand, and in a voice choked with emotion, tried to express that gratitude for which words were too poor, she said:

"The thanks are all on my side. You have given me a home. Never, since my mother's death, have I been so happy, so free from care, as now. Where shall I be next Christmas? I often ask myself. I can not be so distant from you that my thoughts will not center in this dear refuge."

"God willing, you will be here, Desiree," replied the doctor. "Your studies are only just begun."

Spring came earlier and more radiant than ever, so thought teacher and pupil. The garden threw off its winter robe, and appeared fresh and fair as a youthful beauty in her first ball dress. The nightingales sang amid the flowers, the syringas and lilacs poured forth intoxicating perfumes, the narcissus, with its great child-like eyes, gazed out into the blossoming world. The forests, clothed in tender green, were vocal with bird songs; and the drowsy hum of butterflies and beetles, seemingly drunken with the very delight of existence. When nature thus moved to her fair domain, who could remain within four narrow walls?

The goal of Arnim's and Desiree's wanderings was mostly that little rustic temple on the hill-top which, with Ivan's help, had been very prettily fitted up. Here Arnim often took his afternoon coffee or his glass of light wine—here the two had their little suppers, Desiree acting as hostess. Here with her work in hand she sat in a window recess while the doctor read to her. The tangled tresses of the maiden-hair, blent with the rich sprays of the cypress, touched the luxuriant hair of the young girl's head as it bent over her work, or at some fine passage was lifted that the beaming eyes might express the delight for which words were too poor.

Arnim feared that Marianne might discover these little feasts, and abruptly end them. Absorbed in her own pursuits, she was not included in their division of the day. He often gazed down the path, for the short, rotund figure in the large garden-hat, and the dress carefully caught up that it might escape the ground. But to his relief, no Marianne ever came.

"Do you know what my mother always called me?" asked Desiree one day, as they walked slowly homeward. "How should I know?"

"'*Papillon*'—that is French for butterfly. It would seem so like old times if you would call me by that name."

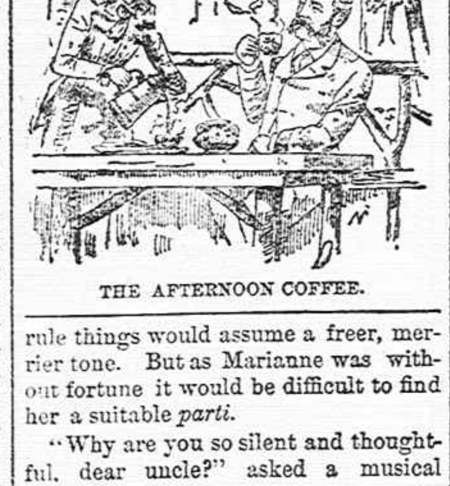
"I will, my child, since the name so well suits your brightness and mobility. But this constant semblance of flight alarms me. Have you grown tired of this place? Is it too lonely for you? Does Marianne annoy you by her exactions? Tell me frankly."

He paused and gazed down upon the airy figure in the pink dress. She had thrown off her light summer hat—the breeze waved back the curls from her forehead.

"Uncle, how can you ask such questions?" she cried, excitedly. "You must know that I would like to live with you always. Perhaps," she added, a mischievous smile displaying the dimple in her left cheek—"perhaps Marianne will marry some day, and I become your housekeeper."

Marianne marry! Strange that the thought had not before occurred to her cousin.

"Why not?" he asked himself, as they walked on. Greater miracles had happened. Yes, in that event Papillon should keep his house, and under her rule things would assume a freer, merrier tone. But as Marianne was without fortune it would be difficult to find her a suitable *parti*.



THE AFTERNOON COFFEE.

"Why are you so silent and thoughtful, dear uncle?" asked a musical voice.

He started. "I was thinking of the blindness of men in regard to the really good qualities of women. Marianne, with her aptness for domestic affairs and her economy, would be a treasure for any man."

"Yes, she is a model housekeeper," answered Desiree. "Before she leaves us I must study diligently into the mysteries of her art."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

John M. Carroll, the city treasurer who disappeared two years ago from Staunton, Va., has returned. An examination of his papers showed that he owed the city and State between $10,000 and $14,000. His property, however, realized sufficient to pay the indebtedness. For the past two years he has been engaged in business North, and returned of his own account.

More men fall in love than in war.

TIMELY TOPICS FOR FARMERS.

HOW TO DO PAYING WORK AT THIS SEASON.

Suggestions of Interest, from an Authoritative Source.

(W. L. Jones in Southern Cultivator)

COTTON PICKING.

The characteristic farm work of this the first fall month is cotton harvesting. The fruition of the cotton planter's hope of a successful, practical machine for the gathering of cotton is yet in abeyance, and the work must still be done by nimble human fingers. Inventors, however, are earnestly at work seeking to solve this great problem, as will be seen by the illustrations and descriptions in this number of the Cultivator. Cotton-picking by hand is by far the most expensive operation in the production of raw cotton. Moreover, the cost of nearly every operation, except picking, may be reduced in proportion as the yield per acre is greater. There is practically but little difference in the cost per pound of gathering by hand the crop from an acre producing one thousand pounds of seed cotton and another acre yielding one-half as much. Hence the supreme importance and universal desire for a practical machine to supersede the work of the hand. Such a machine must necessarily be so constructed—to be efficient—that its daily capacity will be almost in direct proportion to the yield per acre.

Much has been said and written of late years about the importance of gathering cotton from trash, to use the farmer's vernacular; and some of the writers, although right in the main, are evidently but little familiar with the requirements and conditions that must be practically met on a cotton farm during the harvesting of the crop. Some years ago an apparently otherwise intelligent English writer undertook to show that there was no excuse whatever for the presence of sand or soil in bales of cotton; that the cotton crop opened (all of it, was his idea) in September, a month in which there was little or no rainfall. He concluded, and reproved and lectured the farmer accordingly, that the sand was fraudulently added by the farmer as a make-weight.

While it is desirable to house the cotton as free from leaf and hull as may be, it is of first importance that the crop be "gone over" as often as the quantity open at one time is sufficient to enable the hands to do a fair day's work. In the interest of economy, and with a limited picking force, celerity of movement, nimbleness of fingers, and the weight of cotton gathered per hand per day are the points to be observed. The pickers should not be embarrassed and retarded in their work by too rigid requirements in the matter of trash. They should go with a rush from the start, and every proper encouragement should be offered them to bring heavy baskets to the steelyards. A little trash hurts very little; a good deal does not affect the selling price seriously, if the sample is bright and free from weatherstains and dirt. Great care in removing or avoiding trash may add half a cent, or even more, to the selling price of a week's work of six bales harvested, leaving three bales in the field to be storm-beaten and destroyed to the extent of one-third its original value, before the hands get to work again. Fast work and a little more trash might have saved the nine bales before the storm.

The same idea applies to picking the cotton clean from the hulls. Hands should be taught to make one well-directed grab at an open boll, and then grab the next. The little that may be left in many of the hulls will remain until the last picking, when the field may be closely gleaned. It should be considered that dirt, stains, loss of color and brightness of sample, and loss of cotton from falling to the ground, are far more damaging than the presence of clean trash.

It was one of the excellencies of David Dickson's farm management that he studied the manual operations of the farm in detail and taught his laborers how to do everything to the best possible advantage. He not only studied to discover the shortest and best way of performing a given operation, but also sought to determine which are the most important details. He taught his laborers as a shoemaker or a machinist teaches his apprentice. He stressed the importance of dexterity and skill in every detail of the apparently simple operations of chopping cotton and picking cotton. His attention to the details of performing the various farm operations contributed largely to his success as a farmer and planter.

After the cotton is picked, if wet from heavy dew or rain it will pay to exercise some care in drying it, by spreading on scaffolds or by distributing it over a large surface in the cotton house, especially that from the bottom of the basket when heavy dews are prevailing. (With the present labor, however, not much cotton is gathered before the dew disappears.) With the larger part of the crop now ginned and baled at custom ginneries, there should be a much greater improvement in the quality of the work over that of the old plantation gin-house than is yet manifest. Careful handling, proper ginning and baling should be insisted upon.

GATHERING CORN.

Corn ought to be cribbed just as soon as dry enough to keep in bulk. Our almost invariable practice during twenty years of active farm life in lower Georgia was to gather the entire crop during this month. If the weather is fine, however, and a large amount of cotton be open for picking, corn may stand until next month without serious loss. Attention should be given to the cribs and barns that are to contain the harvest, and advantage should be taken of weather unsuited for cotton-picking to get in a field of corn.

GRASS.

As noted in last month's "Thoughts," September is the favored time for sowing all kinds of grass seeds and hardy forage plants. We trust that suggestions and exhortations made in previous numbers have been favorably received, and that many farmers who have never sown a grass seed ("on purpose") in their lives, but have always made war upon it, will lay aside prejudice and apprehension of failure and start a meadow and a pasture, if only a few acres. In sections where the culture of grass has not yet been established and the best species discovered, large operations should not be attempted. In such cases a few acres, well prepared and fertilized, will be more likely to succeed, and the loss will be comparatively small if failure results. But why should a failure to get a good start the first time deter the farmer from trying again? In countries where grass culture is the very basis of all agriculture, it is no uncommon thing for a farmer to fail of a "catch" of clover or grass. But knowing from previous experience that the natural and permanent conditions are adapted to grass, such occasional failures do not courage him, much less prove that "this is not a grass country." Not at all. He rightly lays the blame on himself, or finds that the seed were not good, or the temporary weather conditions were not favorable, and he simply renews his effort. We all know that even in the case of our ordinary crops, corn, cotton, etc., our first and chief anxiety at planting-time, and thereafter, is in regard to securing and preserving the "stand." If we plant a field in corn and fail from any cause to get a reasonably good stand, we immediately plow up and plant over, or "replant" with hoes. We know from long experience that corn, cotton, peas, potatoes, etc., are perfectly adapted to our soil and climate, and an occasional failure to secure a stand does not raise a doubt. The same is true as to grasses in the North and West. In those sections of the South where grass culture has received little or no attention it is not at all surprising that failure often results from first attempts. Every farmer ought to try a few acres first, and persist in the experiment until satisfied in regard to the policy and expediency of engaging more largely in grass husbandry. The dairy and stock-growing industry are based on grass and forage crops, and we confidently believe that the redemption of Southern agriculture depends largely upon the adoption of a system that embraces both.

There is no question as to the value of barley and rye when sown and treated as winter grasses. Barley is better than rye every way, excepting its demand for a rich soil in order to give satisfactory results.

OATS.

In order to escape danger of winter-killing, oats should be sown early in the fall. Throughout the northern part of the cotton belt September is the best month. South of the middle line, October and November sowings will answer. The idea is to get a strong root development before cold weather sets in, giving the plants a firm hold on the soil. Notwithstanding somewhat discouraging failures of late years, we still think it good policy to sow a large area in the fall. If killed by cold the seed sown will be the principal loss, as the land may be re-seeded in January or February, or can be planted in other crops in the spring. The old winter-grazing oat should be brought again into cultivation. It has often proven a good practice to sow oats in the present cotton-fields. This may be done without serious injury to the cotton, plowing in with a cultivator, harrow or sweep, just as if cultivating the cotton, the operation to be preceded by the cotton-pickers if there is any open open cotton. On our own farm we have had fine results from this plan. The standing cotton-stalks can be easily "knocked down" cold mornings in January or February, and prove small obstacles in the way of harvesting.

HAY.

The seasons at this writing indicate a good crop of native grasses which may be converted into hay of the best quality, if cut before the seeds form, and nicely cured. Where rains have been abundant throughout July and August, this resource may often be made to exceed in value all the fodder (corn-blades) saved from the corn crop, and at a comparatively nominal cost of labor.

PORK HOGS.

We have often stressed the importance of constant attention to hogs. From now on is the time to push the fattening process. The weather is now mild, and but little food is necessary to keep up the animal heat and carry on the vital processes in the animal economy. After a while when the weather grows cooler, and especially in November and December, a very large part of the food consumed by animals will be utilized for the purpose of keeping the body warm. An ear of corn, or its equivalent of other food, fed during the pleasant fall weather will go further than two ears fed in December or January.

A Sharp Bookkeeper.

The people of Glens Falls, N. Y., never before were so shocked as when the news of the embezzlement of $18,100 by Charles B. Ide, a bookkeeper of the First National Bank, was announced. The method employed by Ide was when a draft amounting to $1,000 or thereabouts was given by some large customer of the bank to make a duplicate entry on the stub and make the draft payable to his brokers. He would charge the amount of the draft to the customer on the day book and make a posting mark, but would never post the amount in the ledger. In this manner and by forcing balances he covered his work for years. Ide, in his confession, said that the whole amount had been lost in Wall street. It is stated on good authority that no effort will be made to prosecute Ide, and that a partial restitution will be made by his relatives.—Times.

Presbyterian Statistics.

The minutes of the Synod of South Carolina show an increase over last year. Last year there were 196 churches; now 204. Last year, 14,154 members; this year, 14,662. Last year 97 ministers; this year, 107.

Five churches, with a total membership of 389 members, are omitted from this year's statistical report of the Presbytery of Bethel. Including these names, as properly should be done, the total membership of the Synod is 15,051, and the net gain nearly a thousand, the largest in the history of the Synod, at least in our day.

The churches with over 200 members are Fort Mill, Purity, Bethesda, Charleston Westminster, Charleston First, Clinton, Washington Street Greenville and Anderson—eight in all.

The four largest Sabbath-schools are Charleston Second, Concord, Washington Street and Clinton.

The largest Presbyterian Church in the South is the First Church, in Nashville, with 930 members.

More new members were received into the largest synod, Virginia, than any other. South Carolina stands next, with 1,397 additions on examination. Was it the earthquake?

Has not the time come for the erection of a Central Presbytery in South Carolina?

Atlanta has five Presbyterian Churches, with 1,565 members. New Orleans has 12 churches, 2,500 members.—Our Monthly.

The Morning Dress.

It is said that a lady's standing in society can easily be determined by her dress at the breakfast-table; an expensive, showy costume indicating that the wearer has not yet learned the proprieties. But no one need be afraid of being called "shoddy" if her loveliness is as apparent by daylight as at the hops. Perfect beauty is never the attendant of disease; above all, of those diseases peculiar to women, and which find a ready cure in Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

TWO CHILDREN OF FORTUNE.

Thomas and Laura Dillard, of Laurens County, Suddenly Becomes Heirs to a Fortune of Sixteen Hundred Thousand Dollars.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., September 10.—A large fortune has just been left by will to the children of a citizen of this place. To Thomas Dillard and Miss Laura Dillard, aged respectively fourteen and eleven years, has been given the sum of eight hundred thousand dollars each. These munificent legacies were left them by a wealthy uncle who has recently died in California.

It appears that in the year 1850, just before the great excitement about the gold attracted such a tide of fortune seekers to California, from Rabun county, Georgia, went several men to try their luck on the Pacific Slope. Among these was one James McCurry. The party stopped at Placerville, El Dorado county. At the end of the first year McCurry had saved enough money from his wages as a miner to purchase fifty acres of land near that place. This he did against the remonstrance of his friends, but it soon was discovered to be rich in gold deposits. McCurry sold this property without working it further than sufficient to develop it for sale, and for it he got from a Boston syndicate $300,000. This was the foundation of his fortune and with this he purchased other lands in that section and found other rich deposits of gold on them. These mines he worked, and it is said that the McCurry mines were amog the richest in that State, so remarkably rich then in this metal,

On the 22d of last month McCurry died, and having never had any family of his own, his property was left to his relatives. Mr. George W. Dillard, a lawyer of this city, married a sister of James McCurry—a Miss Nancy Margaret McCurry. Mr. Dillard and these two children, Thomas and Laura, survive her. A copy of the will has been received by Mr. Dillard, and it gives to the heirs at law of his sister, Nancy Margaret Dillard, sixteen hundred thousand dollars.

It is thought much difficulty will be found in securing guardians for these children. They are now residents of Laurens, S. C., but are to come here shortly, and the letters of guardianship will be taken out here. The laws of this State require a bond to be filed by guardians in double the value of the estate. In this case, even if a guardian were appointed for each child, the bonds would have to be for one million and six hundred thousand dollars each. Then there is the further legal requirement that the guardian shall account for the interest on his ward's funds at 6 per cent. per annum, and this is compound. ed. Thus are the difficulties evident in regard to the management of these annually large legacies. The local papers contain lengthy and minute accounts of the matter. Mr. Dillard was formerly a member of the Spartanburg bar, and is known more or less in other sections of South Carolina.

(From the Asheville Advance, September 9.)

In conversation with Mr. Dillard yesterday, he said:

"Mr. McCurry was always regarded as a peculiar man, but he was as sharp as a briar. Soon after he went to California he became alienated from the relatives he had left behind him and ceased all correspondence with them. Years passed when he was not heard from at all. Finally his family were surprised one day by receiving a letter from Mr. McCurry. He said that he was sick and wanted $100 to come home with. The money was sent, but in a few weeks it was returned, accompanied by a statement that it was not needed.

"Years after this circumstance I wrote to a lawyer in California, asking for information regarding James McCurry. He answered that he knew him well, and that he was one of the millionaires of the Golden State.

"When my wife died in 1881, at Webster, N. C., I sent Mr. McCurry an announcement of her death. The answer I received to this letter made an inquiry in regard to the number of children, left by my wife. We then had four and I also wrote him. Two have since died. Now, the will, of which I have a copy, bears the date of 1882, and I presume that Mr. McCurry made this will with the idea that he was distributing $1,600,000 among four children instead of two. You see, that would have left them $400,000 apiece.

"My brother-in-law was a resident of Placerville, California, and in his will he leaves $10,000 to Miss Sarah Louise Clifford, of that place, and $500 to the Rev. Hall. I have no information in regard to either of these parties. The will provides that after the payment of these special legacies the remainder of his property shall be divided among his nearest relatives in Rabun county, Ga. My two children are living with their grandmother in the country in the county of Laurens, South Carolina, and have not yet learned of their good fortune. My daughter is eleven years old; my son fourteen. From the fact of their being minors a guardian will, of course, have to be appointed; and it is expected that considerable difficulty will be experienced in making a bond of the large dimensions required."

He Felt Grateful.

The hammock squeaked unheeded as it rubbed the bark off the old man's favorite sycamore tree.

"Gertrude," he said, "have you ever felt that your heart beat responsive to that of another?"

"I have, George," owned up Gertie, and her head nestled on his shoulder.

"Did you ever feel that your destiny was so linked to that of another that it was useless to try to follow it out alone?"

"Yes, George," returned Gertie, as she nestled some more.

"Gertrude, I will ask you more plainly, do you love me?"

"I will not attempt to conceal my feelings, George; I do."

"Well," said George, sliding out of the hammock, "I'm glad to hear that, because Will Tompkins bet me a box of cigars the other day that you were just indulging in a little flirtation. I am really much obliged to you for the assurance, and—"

But Gertie had gone into the house and slammed the door with all her might.

John Ryan & Co., type founders of Baltimore, have failed. The trustee's bond is $40,000, indicating assets amounting to $20,000. The firm has been in business forty years and has always stood well. They say that the depression in business and bad debts caused the failure.

Starting Out.

When you get up in the morning take a big drink of water. Your system wants water first. An engine isn't first fired up and then some water let into the boiler. Clean your teeth and let the water run from the spigot while you're doing it. Then drink a pint of it. Use common hydrant water; no ice, no salt, no mineral water. Ordinary water is good enough for an ordinarily healthy man. Keep away from drugs and pills and give your stomach a show.

If you're in a hurry to read the papers, read them before breakfast. When you sit down to the breakfast table be happy; you're going to do something pleasant. Breakfast isn't a penalty imposed upon you, or a task to be performed as soon as possible, but a pleasant, enjoyable occasion. Try and have somebody talk to you, and talk yourself. Laugh. Start off with fruit. Then eat some fish and stale bread, or stale rolls or toast. If you want anything more, eat some meat. Take your time to it all. I stay at the table for an hour, and eat all the time. Don't eat much, but take your time to it. If you haven't time, eat less. The time you spend at breakfast will be saved over and over again during the day.

If you have been up the night before, don't take a cocktail or ice water. Try some broth and some tripe if your stomach's pretty far gone. When a man's been off a little his stomach is raw and inflamed. He doesn't want to start right off with more rum. Let him give his stomach a show. It'll pay him to. Coddle your stomach in the morning and it'll stand up for you at night. If you go to pitching into it the first thing it will have its revenge.

Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and must drink, wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. Try this thing of starting off fair and square. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it won't tell on it. A man's stomach is his friend, and if he'll only treat it kindly the first half of the day it will show its appreciation and stick by him at night.—New York Sun.

"The Curse of the Country."

The New York Herald makes this strong statement touching the accumulation of surplus in the United States treasury:

"Over a hundred millions lying idle. It has been taken out of the business of the country by the force-pump of overtaxation. It is of no use to any one. It does the government harm, it arouses the cupidity of Congress, it does the people injury. Our currency is not so plentiful that a hundred millions can be drained off without serious detriment. Merchants need that hoarded excess to do business with. The money market has already grown feverish. Call loans may be plentiful, but time loans are another matter. If a man has money to spare he places it where he can get his hands on it at a day's notice. He has grown cautious, possibly a little timid.

"Then the prospect of a still further accumulation, with another hundred millions abstracted from business, is somewhat appalling. What will be the end? is what everybody is asking. Are we to be taught by a financial crash that the revenue must be reduced or will the Democratic party take time by the forelock and by judicious work prevent such a calamity?

"Level-headed Democrats have but one opinion of the prime duty of the hour. It is to squarely face the facts and insist on reduction without further delay. If their conference with Mr. Cleveland at Oak View results in an agreement upon some decisive plan of action, and if the President, seeing the dangers with which the country is threatened, places himself at the head of the party, bent on immediate reform of the revenue laws in some shape or other, the merchants and the common sense of the republic, irrespective of party affiliations, will be with them."

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN is responsible for the remarkable statement that "Henry George and Dr. McGlynn have been remarkably successful in abolishing poverty from their own lives, if we may believe the New York Commercial Advertiser." This paper states that George, who a year ago was worth less than $10,000, now posses about $50,000. He has a pretty house in a desirable locality, and lives much after the manner of his monopolistic neighbors. The sale of his books, since he ran for Mayor of New York, has yielded from $25,000 to $30,000, and his paper, the Standard, is also paying well. George is charged with being as close-fisted as any miser. Dr. McGlynn spends $100 a month for hotel expenses, and his pockets appear to be always well filled with ready cash. He is more free with his money than George, and occasionally gives stylish dinners to his friends in the United Labor party. He is also much given to charity—which George is not. These are two of the men who sit on the anti-poverty platform every Sunday, watching the hat go round picking up pennies from the attendant poor. Now they want $50,000 for their political canvass. It is suggested that the Anti-Poverty Society ought to raise the money, and the question is asked, How much will George and McGlynn subscribe?

SCIENTIFIC MEN in Mexico are now engaged in a curious study—investigating meteorological phenomena believed to be incident to the building of railroads. It is said that copious rains are attracted by steel rails. Serious damage recently done on the northern section of the Mexican Central Railroad is traced to the bursting of waterspouts on the track; and it is a very curious fact that waterspouts appear to be attracted by the iron track and the telegraph wires. Residents of the interior say that an electric current runs along the track, making a convenient avenue for storms. It is stated that recently the engineers supervising the construction of the Guadalajara branch of the Mexican Central Railroad noted that with the advance of track-laying rains increased, and these experts maintain that this increase arose from the presence of large quantities of steel rails carried forward in flat cars, keeping pace with the work of construction. The most noticeable fact is said to be that the country is dry in advance of the construction trains, also behind them for several miles. Rains beat down, as is stated, in bucketfuls just where the steel rails are, though in circles only a few miles in diameter. The results of the investigations will be awaited with interest.

Advices from China are to the effect that at most of the scientific stations where the totality of the eclipse of the sun August 19th could be viewed, the result was very unsatisfactory, more especially at Shirakawa, where the United States expedition under the direction of Professor Todd was located. Twenty minutes after the eclipse began, the sun was hidden by the clouds and remained hidden during the total eclipse. It was like dark night, and the face of a man standing at a distance of three or four feet could not be seen.

A STORY OF A TORNADO.

How a Western Rancher Lost His Sheep in One of the Blows.

"Stepping upon a Boston Shawmut avenue horse car a few days since," says a writer in the Youth's Companion, "I was surprised to recognize an old acquaintance in the conductor, who, as I supposed, was herding sheep in Dakota. 'Why, Brown, you here?' I exclaimed; 'How's this? Where are your sheep?' 'My sheep left me,' said he, with a jerk at the fare indicator. 'Sold out?' I inquired. 'No; got jumped.' Jumped! what jumped you? I asked. 'Well, you see, it was about like this,' replied my friend; and he gave me the following account of his Western experience: 'In June last I had twenty-four hundred ewes, with their lambs. I looked after them carefully every day to keep off the coyotes, and built up a good corral for them at night, down in the edge of the timber. One afternoon about the 20th of the month I was sitting on the rocks watching them. Sheep, when they are feeding, as you know, generally keep together, and I should think that at this time, mine were, most of them, on a plot of not much more than an acre of ground. The sky was clear, though just a trifle hazy; but by and by I noticed a bit of a cloud in the northwest that seemed to me to be behaving in a singular way. It appeared to move in sort of a spasmodic motion. I noticed, too, that it was rapidly growing longer, and that it seemed to shift from dark to a light green hue. There was a sort of sleeve or funnel shaped trunk hanging down from it toward the ground. The view to northward from where I sat was a good one, and I could see the cloud coming a number of miles off. With every stroke of the structure I could see a brown cloud of dust, grass, brush and timber rise in the air and go whirling up into the sky. It was a tornado and no mistake. There was quite a deep chink or hole down between two of the rocks where I was sitting. I shut my big umbrella, dropped down into this chink, stretched out full length, and laid the umbrella over the opening rocks into which I placed myself. I had hardly more than placed myself there when it grew dark as night, and the whizzing, roaring noise became loud as thunder. I dug my nails into the crevices of the stone and held on—and then, whish! the tornado went over me with a roaring shriek, a rattle, a shower of stones and dirt, and I felt as if the whole ground about me was lifted into the air. This did not last more than half a minute. I got out of the crevice and looked around for my bunch of sheep. I saw two of them three or four hundred yards off to the left, running as if a panther was after them; another one, a lamb, lay kicking a little nearer. Those were all that I could see. I ran down to the corrals and there found two of the sheep, one with a leg broken. They must have been blown into it over the eight-foot fence, for I had turned them all out in the morning. I had not gone far when I found a sheep up twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground in the top of a pine tree—lodged there! A little farther on I came upon one lying with a broken leg back on the ground, and shortly after I saw another lodged high up in the crotch of a big cottonwood. Before night I found fifteen, nine of them dead on the ground and six up in the tree tops—some of these latter kicking to get free. The next day I salted down three barrels of mutton and came East to get a job and earn some more money."

THE CONDEMNED ANARCHISTS.

The Night After the Sealing of Their Doom.

CHICAGO, September 15.—The seven condemned Anarchists spent the night in sounder security from the intrusion of friend or foe than they have done in many months. The outside of the jail was carefully patrolled on all sides by armed deputy sheriffs, policemen in uniform and detectives in citizens' garb. The force of deputy sheriffs who guarded all the approaches was increased, and these were supplemented by relays of uniformed police. All unknown, to even the curious pedestrians, who peered around the precincts of the jail, the streets and alleys on all sides for several blocks were quietly patrolled by detectives, who seized upon all suspicious looking stragglers, and kept a watchful eye on all little knots that gathered any where in the neighborhood of the jail. The Anarchists of the city are so well known that none of them could get through the outposts without detection. Within the jail all was still as death. Mrs. A. R. Parsons, wife of the condemned Anarchist, says in relation to the decision of the Supreme Court, that she does not believe the public will permit what she calls this "judicial murder."

CHICAGO, September 16.—A consultation as to whether they would do anything more to save themselves was held by the condemned Anarchists this morning. They talked over the same thing yesterday and renewed the discussion this morning. They came from their cells at 8.30, and until 9.30 they talked earnestly and turned the matter over for and against.

A close friend of all the men and a prominent member of the Defence Association saw them this morning to learn the result of the discussion. He was induced to say that they had discussed two things: One the question whether they shall appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the other, a monster petition it is proposed to get up pleading for executive clemency. The last measure was voted against by every man there. They feel, said the informant, that they had done nothing for which to ask the pardon of society; that society ought rather to ask their pardon. As for the appeal to the Supreme Court, that is a different matter. Some of them feel that they may use every resource to be found in the laws, and then if they die, their death will accuse the system.

A member of the Defence Association said that three of the condemned men were opposed to an appeal to the United States Supreme Court, but he refused to disclose their names. He also said that no matter what the final decision of the men was, their friends would go ahead and make every effort for the reversal of the judgment by the Supreme Court. In case of that failing a petition would be gotten up.

A Costly Toy for the Parlor.

What a dear, darling of a piano must be that instrument bought in Europe by Mr. Marquand, if there be truth in the story that its price was $46,950. Mrs. Jay Gould was thought to have done quite well the other day in buying an instrument for $2,500, and some years ago when the standard price was higher than now and money was lavished on ornamentation, Eads of jetty fame and Ingersoll of chair notoriety are said to have given $5,000 for their treasures. But all these legendary extravagances in the harmonies of strings and sounding boards fade before the renown of the Marquand wonder, which must be a very Stradivarius among large music boxes.—New York Star.

A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL.

What the Physicians Charged the Late Mr. Tilden for their Professional Services.

(From the New York Times.)

The admirers of Samuel J. Tilden, who took pleasure in proclaiming on every possible occasion that he possessed more Jeffersonian simplicity than any man of his weight in the country, were of course unaware that he owed a doctor's bill of $143,000. A bill of such magnificent, not to say startling, proportions and Jeffersonian simplicity could not possibly run double. For the purpose of supporting the Sage's reputation for simplicity some of his admirers may argue that Mr. Tilden may not have been aware that he owed so many bags of gold for medical attendance and apothecary's wares. The trustees of his estate, it is understood, take this view of the matter, and the impression among the few people who know anything about it is that the coming century will be considerably advanced before such a bill is paid at the face.

One of the trustees looked surprised when asked if payment had been refused of the bill presented by Dr. Charles E. Simmons for medical service and attendance upon Mr. Tilden. Instead of giving a plain and satisfactory answer to the question the trustee said that Dr. Simmons was the proper person from whom to get information on such a subject. Then, of course, the reporter gratefully accepted the statement that the matter was a private, not a public, one. The trustee would not say that payment of Dr. Simmons' bill had been refused, but he smiled when the amount, $143,000, was mentioned.

Dr. Simmons, who is also a commissioner of charities and correction, was more willing to talk than the trustee had been. He talked all around the bill, but never mentioned the amount. The latter was stated to him, but even then he failed to deny or affirm that the figures were correct. He promptly denied that payment had been refused, but admitted he had not been paid. Any delay in the matter should be ascribed to him, he said, and not to the trustees of the Tilden estate. Without giving the amount of his bill, Dr. Simmons explained how a bill could reach very large proportions. He had attended Mr. Tilden, he said, for eight years, or to be exact, for seven years and eleven months. During that period he had visited Mr. Tilden every day, probably. He was Mr. Tilden's friend as well as his physician, and considered Mr. Tilden his best friend. Mr. Tilden had always done everything in his power for him and his. Being on such terms of intimacy, it seemed natural that a settlement should be deferred. It was postponed to such an extent that Mr. Tilden died without making one. Dr. Simmons said a settlement would be reached without any trouble when the proper time arrived. He and the trustees would meet and adjust the matter. He, too, was unable to see why the public should be particularly interested in his bill until he was assured it was solely on account of its size. About that he had nothing to say, nor did he offer the reporter a copy of the bill.

Facts About Pensions.

Pension Commissioner Black in his annual report makes a number of recommendations for legislation in the line of greater liberality to the pensioner, among others that additional clerical force be allowed to enable the Commissioner, without making extra demands upon the clerks now in the service to complete and satisfy the Mexican pension claims, of which 8,000 have been allowed since the passage of the Act. At the close of the year 403,180 pensioners were on the rolls classified as follows: 294,445 army invalids, 85,501 army widows, minor children and dependent relatives; 3,281 navy invalids; 1,973 navy widows, minor children and dependent relatives; 1,069 survivors of the war of 1812, and 11,831 widows of those who served in that war; 7,503 survivors of the war with Mexico, and 895 widows of those who served in said war. There were added to the rolls during the year the names of 55,184 new pensioners, and the names of 2,707 whose pensions had been previously dropped were restored to the rolls. During the same period the names of 17,677 pensioners were dropped from the rolls for various causes. The amount paid for pensions during the year was $73,467,581 an increase in the amount over the previous year of $9,668,750. In the aggregate, 1,091,200 pension claims have been filed since 1861, and in the same period 676,948 claims of all classes have been allowed. An appropriation of $79,045,230 is asked for the next fiscal year. That for the current year was $78,701,250.

China Wants Railroads.

The New York Sun is responsible for the following: The statement published the other day, upon the authority of a gentleman in the diplomatic service, in a letter of our Washington correspondent, that "the Chinese Government has for years tried to induce European capitalists to build railroads in the interior of China" is not correct. The fact is that the Chinese Government has never been willing up to this time that any railroad should be built except the coal road at Kaiping; and, while it authorized the extension of that road last winter to the Rehtang, and lately to the Peiho, it has confined the right to make the extension, and also to build a connection for it from Tientsin to Taku, to a native company, in which no foreigner has been permitted to take stock or hold any interest whatever. It is absolutely certain that the Chinese government has never, directly or indirectly, asked any European government or syndicate of capitalists to build railroads in the interior of China, or to furnish money for building them.

It is apparent that the facts about Mitkiewicz's alleged concession, whatever it may cover, or whatever the circumstances may have been which induced the Chinese to grant it, if they have granted it, have not yet been correctly made known in America. We are sure that no one who has any real knowledge about China will believe that the Chinese authorities are such fools as the stories of Mitkiewicz would make them out to be.

Herr Most Raging.

News of the affirmation by the Supreme Court of Illinois of the decision of the lower court in the case of the condemned Anarchists caused great excitement among the New York Socialists and Anarchists. Herr Most was furious. His Anarchist paper, the Freihala, had just gone to press when the news came. The forms were ordered from the press. Most posted a notice saying that he could not be interviewed until 4 p. m., and that at that hour the paper would be published containing an editorial on the matter. Most's editorial is addressed "To the Workingmen of all Countries." He characterizes the judges who made the decisions "infamous and bloodthirsty fools," and the jury as corrupt.